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HERNE THE HUNTER;
OR,
THE DAYS OF THE BLUFF KING HAL.

An Historical Improbability.

BY

THOS. F. PLOWMAN,

Author of *Isaac of York, or Normans and Saxons at Home*; *In Re Becca*;
A Very New Version of *Acis and Galathea*, or the Beau, the Belle, and
the Blacksmith; *Zampa*, or the *Buckaneer* and the *Little Deer*;
Arion, or a Leap for Life; *Isaac Abroad*, or *Ivanhoe Settled* and
Rebecca Righted; &c.

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PROLOGUE.

—o—

"I remember, I remember,"—the quotation I'll admit
Is p'raps a trifle hackneyed, but it happens just to fit,
So doubtless you'll consent to lend your sanction to its use,
And my inventive poverty I'll plead as an excuse.
Then, by your leave and courtesy, I'll start as I propose—
"I remember, I remember," 'twas about—how fast time goes—
It couldn't be so long—but 'tis no use oneself to flatter,
And so it must be nearly—let me see—Ah, well, no matter ;
Suffice it—and 'twill answer every purpose of my rhyme—
'Twas just about that era known as "once upon a time ;"
Before I'd had experience of this world's toil and racket ;
When I wore a turn-down collar, tasselled cap, and rounded jacket ;
When everything seemed genuine—how much since I've found sham—
When buns *were* buns and penny tarts to me were "real jam ;"
When alley-taws and peg-tops did one's anxious thoughts engage.
We'd life's sweets without its bitters in that toffee-loving age.
How many fond delusions does old Chronos overthrow ;
Their trustful confidence they lose as people older grow ;
And tarts and toffee now no more are sources of delight,—
The thought that they're adulterated spoils our appetite.

So 'tis with mental food—the sentiment on which we fed
Can't satisfy us now—the gilt's worn off the gingerbread.
In those days—not in summer, but when the nights were long—
What feasts we had of fiction, which we liked both "hot and strong !"
The literature which never failed our young minds to entrance
Was a high-spiced form of novel—the historical romance ;
And first and primest favourite, who furnished forth such fare,
Was Ainsworth ; his weird mysteries were grand beyond compare.
A circulating library—a well-spring of delight—
Supplied us with material to spoil our rest at night,
And caused us oft to start up in an agony of dread,
As Imagination pictured spectral headsmen round our bed.
What visionary horrors every title now recalls—
Guy Fawkes, The Tower of London, Jack Sheppard, Old St. Paul's
The Miser's Daughter, Rookwood, and last, although not least,
Was Windsor Castle—there we had of horrors quite a feast.
At night, instead of letting our young minds in sleep lie fallow,
Illumined by the dim light of the surreptitious "tallow,"
We gloated o'er its pages, and our youthful bosoms thrilled
At the deeds of Herne the Hunter ; which our very marrow chilled.
And as we heard the iron tongue proclaim from belfry tower,
In solemn tones, the awful fact—the witching midnight hour,
We feared, as every minute every drop of blood ran colder,
That the grim and ghostly huntsman was p'raps peeping o'er our
shoulder.



So when I'm asked to find a play, and look out for a theme,
 I'm haunted by the shadowy forms, suggestive of a dream,
 Of the demon of the forest and his ghostly crew, who stand
 As Cruickshank has depicted 'em, a fearful-looking band ;
 And then I see King Henry with Anne Bullen at his side,
 Sir Thomas Wyatt. Surrey, in their panoply and pride,
 Fair Mabel, Tristram Lyndwood, Morgan Fenwolf, and the rest,
 Who in the golden age of youth raised tumults in my breast.
 Sweet days of trustful innocence ! They're gone for evermore.
 Romance seems at a discount now compared with times of yore.
 If I get sentimental, friends invariably laugh
 And consider it a fitting opportunity for chaff.
 And when I talk of tragedies they say—cold blooded creatures !—
 "They *would* be fun"—and ghastly smiles at once o'erspread their
 features.
 They mildly hint, "*Your* line you know's the comic and grotesque,"
 And so, perforce, my play, alas, ends in—a broad burlesque.

The ghostly attributes of Herne I've been obliged to drop ;
 Folks don't believe in spirits now unless they go to shop
 And buy 'em, and of late I've heard it very often stated
 E'en *then* they don't believe in 'em—they're so adulterated.
 In fact, folks so prosaic are in this enlightened age
 They're very apt to laugh if you put ghosts upon the stage.
 They pin their faith so firmly to the tangible and real,
 They won't believe in anything that they can't see and feel.
 And so I've renovated Herne and modernized his crimes
 To suit the present altered circumstances of the times.
 Some characters, fresh to the plot, I've added to the story,
 And trust they may obtain from you a modicum of glory.
 You'll find p'raps, too, some incidents you wouldn't quite expect,
 And some historians may hint they *must* be incorrect.
 But modern thought on past events of late has thrown much light,
 And clever folks, you know, are not invariably right ;
 And now that we're assisted by that very gay young spark—
 Th' electric light—it's useless to attempt to keep things dark.
 You'll learn that who embarks in love is launched on stormy billows :
 How even monarchs are not free from some few peccadilloes.
 And, *entre nous*, we're most of us occasionally liable
 To lapses in our rule of life not, p'raps, quite justifiable.
 So if King Hal some failings had he's only like the rest of us ;
 We're none of us infallible, not e'en the very best of us.
 I'll say no more, because my best intentions 'twould be foiling
 To drop a hint that might thereby the interest be spoiling.
 I only hope you'll think my piece, at any rate, the pains worth,
 And if you do I'm much obliged to you and Mr. Ainsworth.

First performed at the Theatre Royal, Oxford, by the Oxford Amateur Dramatic Society, on Jan. 14 and 15, 1879, in aid of the Funds of the Oxford Volunteer Fire Brigade.

CHARACTERS.

VALENTINE HAGTHORNE, *alias* HERNE THE HUNTER (a regular Radical).

MORGAN FENWOLF (his First Lieutenant).

MARK FYTTON (Second ditto).

HENRY VIII. (an absolute Monarch—in his wife's absence).

SIR THOS. WYATT (poet, swell, and arch-traitor combined).

EARL OF SURREY (courtier of the usual stage-type).

TRISTRAM LYNDWOOD (beadle, town-crier, and "stern parient").

RICHARD LANGDALE (the virtuous peasant).

ANNE BOLEYN (the better half—by a long way—of Henry).

MABEL LYNDWOOD (the belle of the *Royal Borough*—in the estimation of the young man who *wins her*).

MADGE (Valentine's mamma).

COURTIERS, BEEF-EATERS, BEER-DRINKERS, MEMBERS OF HERNE'S BAND, VILLAGERS, &C., &C., *ad libitum*.

SCENERY.

SCENE I. HERNE'S OAK.

"Disguised like Herne, with huge horns on his head."

"There is an old tale goes, that Herne the Hunter,
Sometime a keeper here in Windsor forest,
Doth all the winter-time, at still midnight,
Walk round about an oak, with great ragged horns."

"There want not many that do fear
In deep of night to walk by this Herne's oak."

Shakespeare.

SCENE II. TRISTRAM LYNDWOOD'S COTTAGE.

SCENE III. CAVERN BENEATH HERNE'S OAK.

DATE OF ACTION—*v.* Pinnock's Catechism.

LOCALITY—Windsor.

COSTUMES—*v.* Harrison Ainsworth's "Windsor Castle," illustrated by Cruikshank.



HERNE THE HUNTER,

OR

THE DAYS OF THE BLUFF KING HAL.

SCENE I.—*Forest Glade, Windsor Castle in far distance. Herne's Oak, practicable, in centre of stage, and ladder leaning against trunk. As curtain rises to quick music, MORGAN FENWOLF, MARK FYTTON, and other members of Herne's Band emerge from out of trunk of tree, and come down ladder to front.*

OPENING CHORUS : *Air*—"D'y'e ken John Peel."

Mark We've been up all night, so we don't feel gay.
When the cat's asleep then the mice will play,
And the keepers snore in their beds far away
Till their wives lug 'em out in the morning.

Morgan Herne the Hunter's horn rouses us from our beds
At an hour when respectable householders' heads
Recline on their pillows near the tiles or the leads
Where the cats serenade till the morning.

Chorus Herne the Hunter's horn, &c.

MADGE HAGTHORNE issues from trunk and stands at head of ladder, arms akimbo.

Madge (ironically) I s'pose you think your singing's a sweet boon.

(angrily) You have been goin' it to a pretty tune.

Morgan (chaffingly) I'm glad you like the tune.

Maage (sharply) I'll let you see, sir,
If you come any of your *airs* with me, sir.

(*indignantly*) Breaking one's rest, just as I'd be a
snorer !

Why need you each at *day-dawn* be a *roarer* ?

It's worse than cats or Wagner—

Mark Hold your row !

The piece is opened, so it's over now.

Mudge I think your conduct anything but laudable,
Down in the cave below (*pointing down*) each
note's quite audible.

Morgan We're jolly dogs, we are, and like to show it,
We also want the audience to know it.
Helped by the *band*, our *ditty*, sweet and pretty,
Suggests that we're the Windsor Park *banditti*.

Madge (*contemptuously*) You, jolly dogs, indeed ! Your
early squallings
Suggestive rather were of *caterwaulings*.

(*Blast on penny trumpet heard off R.*)

Hark to the welcome and triumphant sound
Borne on the *wind*—

Morgan Our chief his horn has *wound*.

Madge (*rapturously*) His signal 'tis—how well I know it—
Joy !

Victorious from the chase returns my boy.

(*to band*) Prepare to welcome him—My son—

Morgan Oh, bother !

Madge It's very clear *you* never were a mother.
As for the cave he's pretty sure to make fast,
I'd better go below and get his breakfast.

(*Disappears down trunk.*)

Triumphal March. Enter VALENTINE HAGTHORNE, *alias* HERNE
THE HUNTER, R., grotesquely attired and with antlered helmet,
as in illustrations to Ainsworth's "*Windsor Castle*." He
mounts ladder, stands on trunk of tree, and strikes attitude.
Music ceases.

Val. Friends, sons of freedom, fellow citizens—

Morgan Hear, hear !

Val. Thanks, noble pal, for that approving cheer.

Know that our efforts have been crowned with
 luck,
 At property another blow is struck.
 Our independence have we proved again.
(calling off) What ho, compatriots, bring in the
 slain.
 Heaven smiles upon us—Fate repays our toil—
 Tyrants ter'emble ! See the victor's spoil !

Quick March. A diminutive rabbit, tied by its feet to a pole, and with a cross-bolt sticking through it, is brought in in triumph on the shoulders of two of the band, R., amid general cheering.

Val. 'Twas this head planned the deed, 'twas this
 heart dared it,
 'Twas this hand killed the brute, *(aside)* having
 first snared it.
 Hie to our larder, bid our queen prepare it ;
 We'll feast at midnight on it, all shall share it.
 It shall be portioned equally—I swear it.

Lively music as bearers of rabbit ascend ladder and enter trunk of oak.

But higher game we'll fly at—Revolution !
 Death to all rabbits and the Constitution.
 A day will come, ha ! ha ! we're close upon it,
 When every British bobby, we will bonnet,
 No longer slaves, we'll all be free—

All Hooray !
Val. Look out then for Emancipation Day.

SONG : *Air*—"Emancipation Day."

Too long we've groaned beneath the yoke ;
 To vengeance now we're spurred.
 We mean to strike with sword and pike,
 And make our voices heard.
 We'll all be equal, down with kings ;
 We'll sweep 'em clean away,
 And I will be your emperor
 On Emancipation Day.

All the world shall then be free ;
 "Liberty, Equality,
 And Fraternity," our banners shall display.
 King mob shall wear the crown,
 And the world right upside down
 We'll turn upon Emancipation Day.

Chorus All the world, &c.

Our homes we'll revolutionise,
 No more we'll be henpeck't
 By scolding wives, who plague our lives,
 And to latch keys who object.
 We'll put down curtain lectures then,
 The missis shall obey.
 "We won't go home till morning"
 On Emancipation Day.
 Every man and every child
 Shall "citizen" be styled,
 And universal suffrage have full sway.
 In this earthly paradise
 Every vote shall have its price,
 And shall fetch it on Emancipation Day.

The spirits of Wat Tyler,
 Robin Hood, and Wm. Tell,
 With Jack Cade and De Morgan too,
 And Biggar and Parnell,
 United are within my breast ;
 A glorious array.
 Such patriots are worthy of
 Emancipation Day.
 Sir Roger then, set free,
 Prime Minister shall be ;
 O'Gorman shall as Speaker fire away ;
 And Keneally shall arraign,
 "Shaking dew drops from his mane,"
 All the judges on Emancipation Day.

With "beer and baccy" for our battle-cry
 We'll march to victory—

Shouts heard off stage, "A spy ! A spy!"

Hurried music. SIR THOMAS WYATT, in disguise-cloak, is dragged in by two of the band, L. All rush except VALENTINE towards him, and suddenly produce daggers, which, in expectation of VALENTINE'S signal to strike, are uplifted towards his breast.
Chord. Tableau.

Val. (to *WYATT*) Presumptuous swell, this day will cost thee dear.

(to *band*) Prepare his hash to settle —

Wyatt (affectedly) Strike, but hear !

At a signal from VALENTINE the daggers are dropped.

I share your sympathies, applaud your aims.

Morgan None of your little hanky panky games.

Wyatt To you, my gallant captain, I appeal.

Val. Stow your *soft soap*, we go in for *cast steel*.
(pointing to dagger.)

Wyatt Let me embrace your noble—

Val. *Me*, what bosh !

Wyatt Your noble cause—

Val. There, spare your *soap*, 'twon't *wash*.

Wyatt I'm come to be enlisted—

Val. Right, be one of us.

Beware, young man, though, that you don't make fun of us.

We're pledged to upset everything.

Wyatt Precisely.

You'll find then I shall suit you very nicely.

I have no *scruples*—

Mark Let him stand a *dram*.

Val. We're general disestablishers—

All (excitedly) We am !

Wyatt I'm bound to say each shows it in his phiz.

Val. We're universal levellers—

All (more excitedly) We is !

Val. Our rule is—Everybody on a par,
All should be equal—I'm the chief—

All (most excitedly) He are !

Val. Down with all bloated tyrants who to pris'n
Would send the man who prigs what isn't his'n.
The common weal's our motto—

Morgan (aside) That may be.
The common wheel at Milbank don't suit *me*.

Wyatt Well, I'm your man, to join your ranks I'm willing,
Enlist me, please, at once—I'll take the shilling.

Val. (to MORGAN) Lieutenant, book him, with a bob to bind it.

Morgan Then, honoured chief, perhaps you'll kindly find it—

I had one once but lost it down a cranny.

Val. (loftily) My purse I left upon the grand pianny.

1st Rob. My final bob I put into a sweep.

2nd Rob. My wife prigged mine when I was sound asleep.

3rd Rob. At skittles I lost mine, for I was bested.

4th Rob. In Turkish Bonds my last one was invested.

Mark My only bob I used—and I'll be frank—
To start a new Co-operative Bank.

Val. What, not a man among ye worth a bob—
By jingo, what an impecunious mob.

(to WYATT) As there's a lack of specie p'raps
you'll pay

Your footing—

Wyatt (throwing down bag of money) That'll do it I should say.

All rush forward to seize it, but VALENTINE leaps quickly down from tree, knocks down two or three of the band, and secures bag.

Val. (quietly putting bag in his pocket) Never be grasping,
gold's not meant to fly at.

(To WYATT) Your name, my liberal friend.

Wyatt (throwing off cloak) Sir Thomas Wyatt !

Chord in Orchestra.

(affectedly) A most *distingué* youth who lives at
Court,

Is found at every fashionable resort ;

Sweetness and light embodied, quite the rage,

In fact, a special feature of the age.

Type of the youth society knows well,

Refinement's self—the *dilettante* swell.

SONG : *Air*—"Beautiful Nell."

I revel in the beautiful, the elegant, and chaste ;

I live but for æsthetics, the philosophy of taste ;

Old china, paintings, armour, gems, o'er me have cast a spell ;

At Christy's you may daily see the *dilettante* swell.

"Sweetness and light" are embodied in me ;
 The triumph of culture depicted you see.
 Each look, every movement, to all the world tells
 I'm Refinement's own self, *ne plus ultra* of swells.

Chorus. "Sweetness and light" are embodied in *he*, &c.

At amateur theatricals I'm always quite the rage.
 I doubt if there's a Romeo to touch me on the stage,
 But though my story points poetry, in painting I excel ;
 At music, too, is really *great*, the *dilletante* swell.

Chorus.

You'll meet me at the best "at homes," at all the swellest hops ;
 You'll see me at the opera, and at the Monday Pops.
 Court beauties gaze enraptured and upon my graces dwell,
 For each one is fascinated by the *dilletante* swell.

Chorus.

I am, in short, an oracle in science and the arts ;
 My presence to each gathering an unknown charm imparts.
 Professionals my verdict dread, my censure sounds their knell ;
 A stern unflinching critic is the *dilletante* swell.

It may seem strange, p'raps, I should turn
 marauder,

And wage, in fact, a war 'gainst law and order,
 But I'm a miserable jilted man—

I loved—what's more, do still—the Queen,
 sweet Anne.

Marriage at length was well within my scope,
 When Henry *Rex* steps in and *wrecks* my hope ;
 Henceforth his deadly enemy am I—
 And red republican of deepest dye.

You'll find me useful in a quiet way
 About the court I'll hover in the day,
 And plot, intrigue, conspire, with you at night ;
 I'll do—I'll do—aye, *anything*—but fight.

Val. (*aside*) 'Tis well, he'll suit our purpose, though
 he's weak in

Pluck, spirit, manliness, he'll do the sneakin'.
 He's flush, too, and a fellah with the chink
 Is handy when his comrade wants a drink.

(*To Wyatt*) Now of our hiding-place shall you be told.

*Madge's head suddenly appears above trunk. Wyatt starts back
 alarmed.*

Madge The h'eggs and bacon is a-getting cold.

Val. (introducing Wyatt) Allow me, please,—our queen,
likewise my mother.

Mamma,—Sir Thomas Wyatt, our new brother.

Madge curtsseys and slips down trunk in doing so. Wyatt bows extravagantly.

Val. (to Wyatt) Beneath that oak exists a cavern spacious,
Lofty, well-ventilated, most capacious,
And there the band goes in for fun and devilry ;
In fact, the usual stage-robber's revelry.
Our back-door opens on a tangled brake
Adjacent to the margin of the lake,
And that way we sneak out when no one's
looking.

Madge (reappearing) Come, come, it's ruination to the
cooking.

Wyatt (advancing towards tree) It smells inviting, and I'm
peckish—

Val (seizing his arm) Stay !
Would'st leave in that unceremonious way ?
Perish the thought, to lose so good a chance,
The British public wants a song and dance

SONG : *Air*—"He was a Careful Man."

Val. We're the radicalist radicals that ever you did see,
Not e'en in Clerkenwell you'll find such levellers as we.
We poach the king's preserves and prig a purse when e'er
we can,
For wealth should be distributed, so says the "Rights of Man."
'Tis such a simple plan. to prig what e'er you can,
We've nought to lose, and so we choose
This very simple plan.

Chorus 'Tis such, &c.

Mark At present, tho' such traitors, we've the p'lice contrived to
bilk.
Fact is, by day when folks might hear, we're mild as butter
milk.

Morgan But when we're by ourselves why then each one's a different
man,
An universal leveller, a red republican.
A red republican, a red republican,
A communist, a socialist,
And red republican.

Chorus A red, &c.

- Wyatt** I care not for the means, my lads, so I but gain my ends,
I'm very proud to make this large addition to my friends ;
Your patriotic principles, you'll find, I shall uphold.
- Madge** (*impatiently*) Why don't you come along, you know, the
coffee's getting cold.
- Wyatt** I'm such a reckless man, I'm such a reckless man,
I'm yours I swear, your deeds I'll share,
I'm such a reckless man.
- Chorus** He's such, &c.
He's ours, he swears, our deeds he shares,
He's such, &c.

*Dance, at conclusion of which all make for ladder and exeunt
down trunk.*

Music. *Enter TRISTRAM LYNDWOOD, the parish beadle, L., puffing
and blowing. He carries silver knobbed stick, bell, and notice-
bills.*

- Tris.** Oh lauk-a-mussey, oft indeed I've felt
If only this "too-solid flesh would melt,"
I might be happy, or leastways, life's joys
Would not be so prolific in alloys.
I must admit, though, I've small call to grumble,
I hold a noble office—that of bumble.

SONG : *Air*—"When I was a lad" (H.M.S. Pinafore).

As you can see from my gorgeous dress
I'm the beadle of the parish, and nothing less.
And how I obtained, you shall be told,
The dignified post I've the honour to hold.
'Twas through observing this recipe—
"Don't never forget humilitee."

I was found, to the best of my belief,
Tied up in a blue pocket handkerchief,
On the Workhouse steps one morning cold.
A-sucking my fist, so I've been told—
And it can't be said, 'twixt you and me,
I was nussed in the lap o' luxuree.

In time I went to the parish school,
Where I didn't forget my golden rule.
It's practice was a superior trick
To reading, writing, or arithmetick.
I pulled my hair so gracefuller
Whenever the master I met, d'ye see.

The costume then of a charity chap
 Was gamboge stockings and a muffin cap,
 With a coat and breeches of darkest blue,
 Which never by any chance fitted you.
 But there never was no false pride in me.
 And I looked as modest as modest could be.

When of education enough I'd had,
 I went to the parson's as a handy lad.
 I polished the boots and I answered the door,
 And cleaned the knives and a lot things more.
 I behaved so werry respectfull^{ee}.
 The parson said 'twas touching to see.

To every kind of official chap
 In the meekest manner I touch'd my cap ;
 To everyone in a higher sphere,
 Churchwarden, guardian, and overseer.
 And everyone of 'em said, "Dear me,"
 "Such a werry nice lad we never did see."

Now time rolled on for a goodish bit,
 When one day in an apoplectic fit
 Our beadle he hopped the twig, and straight
 I became for his berth a candidate.
 And officials all they went for me,
 I'd behaved so werry respectfull^{ee}.

So all of you, pray, your actions guide
 By mine, and never give way to pride.
 For touching your hat, you'll always find,
 Is appreciated by the official mind.
 Remember this, and whatever your degree,
 You may all be beadies of the parish like me.

Them warmint boys is hup to every lark,
 Two I've caught birds nestin' in the park.
 You want a pair of h'eyes as sharp as *needles*,
 And pins (*looking at his legs*)—mine ain't too
 active for a beadle's.
 And to make matters more unpleasant still—
 Here's goings on—

*(Pointing to bill on which is printed "Reward for the apprehension
 of the individual calling himself Herne the Hunter," &c., &c.)*

Particulars in bill.

I've toiled up here upon that tree to stick it.
Such was my order—

*Takes nails from his pocket and commences tacking bill up, using
nob of his stick for hammer. VALENTINE suddenly emerges
from trunk. He is divested of his moustache and antlers, and
is got up as a very mild-looking, respectable vendor of cakes, in
apron, with basket of buns, ginger-beer, &c.*

Val. (slapping Tristram on back) Ah, yes, that's your ticket !

(Tristram falls down in speechless terror).

Val. (to audience, coming to front) I ought without delay
'praps to confess

I'm Herne the Hunter, though I've changed my
dress.

I sell buns, tarts, and cakes when not conspiring,
But hatching treason isn't half so tiring.

Now to attend to *him*—

*(Takes hold of TRISTRAM and tries to raise him by seat of breeches,
a la Clown).*

Tris. (shouting) Thieves ! Fire ! Robbery !
Help ! Murder !

Val. (helping him up) There, don't kick up such a bobbery.
It's only *me*—Why, Tristram, how d'ye do ?
Beg pardon, didn't know, of course, 'twas you.

Tris. (looking round nervously) Be less impetuous, in
future, please.

Val. I thought 'twas some one damaging the trees.

Tris. I feared it might be Herne—

Val. Your fears allay,

He disappears, they say, at break of day.

Besides, you know, he's such an awful fright,

(solemnly) He wears great horns and looks as
black as night.

He's leagued, too, with Old Nick, so I've been
told—

Tris. (frightened) There, don't—you make my very
blood run cold,—

Let's change the subject, you quite chill my marrow.

Val. (aside) It don't take much a beadle's breast to harrow.
(to TRISTRAM) Isn't the weather glorious for the meet?

Tris. It seems to me too close, it won't keep sweet.

Val. That's not the meat I mean, I meant "la sport;"
The king hunts here to-day with all his court.

Tris. Ah, bless his royal *hart*, he's fond o' *deer*.
He'll come this way—(*looking off*) they're all a-thronging here.

Val. I'll go and try my luck among the many.

Enter Male and Female Villagers, R. and L.

(*bawling*) Here, cakes, buns, tarts, and ginger-beer a penny.

VALENTINE goes to back and is patronized by Villagers.

Tris. I think this seems a fitting situation
To tell 'em of the royal proclamation.

Herings bell and calls out "Oh yes" three times, ringing bell between each ejaculation. Villagers stand round to listen.

SONG : *Air*—"The Cork Leg."

All you who'd do the state a turn,
Just lend your ears and straightway learn
This does a malapert knave concern,
Who styles himself the Hunter Herne.
Ri too ral loo, &c.

Chorus of Villagers Ri too ral loo, &c.

This vagabond chap, as soon as it's dark,
Doth hunt the deer in Windsor Park;
Robs travellers, and plays many a lark,
(Which he didn't ought, I may remark.)
Ri too, &c.

Some say that he's a goblin sprite,
But that idea's exploded quite,
For the only ghost that appears at night
Is Pepper's—and that don't folks affright.
Ri too, &c.

The King (may Heaven his Grace defend),
 Will give to him who'll apprehend
 This rogue, a hundred marks to spend,
 (Which is jolly good pay, I do contend.)
 Ri too, &c.

Enter RICHARD LANGDALE, L.

Tris. The reward's a good one, Richard, try and net it.

Val. (coming down) Just don't you wish, young man, that
 you may get it.

Rich. If every knave's to hunt without a warrant,
 There wout be for the *King* a *hare apparent*.

Tris. He ought to taste the cat with nine good tales,
 Then on his back he'd bear the *prints of wales*.

Rich. Oh, he'll be nabbed—

Val. 'Twixt you, me, and the post,
 He's not mere flesh and blood—he's—

Rich. (sharply) What?

Val. (emphatically) *A Ghost!*

Villagers look round nervously.

It's death to touch him—

Rich. (decisively) Gammon, you're afraid.

Val. Oh no, I'm not partic'ler to a *shade*.

Rich. I know of *spirits* you're a great supporter—
 Whisky, especially,—and not much water.

*Richard and Villagers laugh loudly at Valentine's discomfiture,
 and then exeunt, L.*

Val. Tristram, here comes your daughter with her
 poesies.

Dost know that still turned up at me her nose is?
 You promised she'd consent when she was bid
 To wedding me—

Tris. *Wedding! True, so I did.*

A child a horse takes to the waters brink,
 But not a beadle e'en can make it drink.

Val. Oh, by the bye, I should be glad if you
 Would settle, please, that little I.O.U.
 You're such a nice respectable old sort,
 I shouldn't like to put you in the Court.

Tris. I'm rather short just now—

Val. That may be true ;
But now I must be very *short* with *you*.
The times are hard—the hint you understand,
Either the money or your daughter's hand.

They go up back conversing and exeunt, R.

Music. Enter MABEL L. with basket of flowers.

SONG : *Air*—"Little Buttercup" (H.M.S. Pinafore).

Who'll buy my violets, sweet scented violets,
Tipped with the morn's early dew,
I've culled my bright flowers from Nature's own bowers,
What painter could equal their hue.
I've cowslips and lilies, and pretty sweet billies,
I've pansies, carnations, and stocks,
Sweet peas, and moss roses, such delicate posies,
And daffydow-dillies and phlox.
Some may, p'raps, with reason, suggest at this season
These flowers don't all grow at one time,
But please don't be hard on me, say that you'll pardon me,
Just for the sake of the rhyme,
Then who'll buy my violets, sweet-scented violets,
Why should you all be so shy ?
This poor little maiden, with fragrance so laden,
Can't find anybody to buy.

Heigho ! Trade's very bad to day—'Tis clear
That flowers stand no chance 'gainst ginger-beer.
The vulgar crowd, unlettered, unrefined,
To Nature's beauties, and my own, are blind,
And waste their pence on effervescing drinks,
Nuts, apples, oranges, and periwinks.

Enter TRISTRAM and VALENTINE, R.

Tris. (*to Val.*) There, speak to her herself, your love declare.

Val. (*aside*) Now for my most entrancing, killing air.
(*to MABEL*) My dear, allow me, if you've no
objection,

To offer you a small pledge of affection—
A bottle of prime pop—(*Mabel declines it*)—
Don't be afraid—
(*gushingly*) *Oh maid*, believe me, that it is *home-*
made.

Tris. (aside to Mabel) Say yes—I'll share it—there's enough for two.

Mab. Sir, I don't want it, and I don't want *you*.

Val. (pleadingly) Nay, let me cut the string—the cork set whizzing.

Tris. (aside to Mabel) Take it—he loves you—why you'll say it's *fizzing*.

(aside) That girl's enough, I vow, to vex a saint.

Val. Drink it, 'twill make you feel as fresh as paint.

Tris. It will, indeed,—It isn't any fable.

Mab. Why paint?

Val. Because it is so *palletteable*.

This *pop*, my *poppet*'s my own combination,
Most *popular* 'tis with the *population*.

Mab. I will not touch it, and you me compel, sir,
To say I think your *ginger-beer's* a *sell, sir*.

Tris. You don't know, girl, what's good for your digestion.

Val. Questions my pop, she does—I'll *pop the question*.
(puts down basket and falls on his knees)

Don't spurn me, for such love as mine, methinks,
Is ever—

Mab (interruptingly) *Evervescing* as your drinks.

Val. (rising and angrily) Rash girl, remember, each dog has his day.

Mab. Well, well, *poor doggy*, don't your woes *portray*.

Val. To your decision I won't bow, I vow.

Mab. Your bows and vows, then, I shall disallow.

TRIO: *Air*—"Never mind the why." (H.M.S. Pinafore.)

Mab. Pray don't worry, take your answer,
You for me are not the man, sir,
For on me your fond affection,
Rest assured, is thrown away.

Val. Oh, don't doom me to dejection,
Don't my fond hopes crush, I pray.

Tris. Oh, the girl's most aggravating,
In the end she'll drive me wild.

It's intensely irritating—
Mab. Dear papa, pray don't get riled.

Val. In my love I'll never falter.
Tris. In his love he'll never falter.
Val. Let me lead you to the altar.
Tris. Let him lead you to the altar.
Val. Oh, be mine, and you shall batten
 On such food as joy imparts.
 On such dainties you shall fatten,
 Nuts, cakes, ginger-beer, and tarts.
Tris. Oh, be his, &c.
Mab. Horrid food on which to batten,
 Hate the bare idea imparts.
 Anything but joy to fatten
 On cakes, ginger-beer, and tarts.

Dance.

Voice (off stage R.) Come, clear the way there—

Mab. Ah, what means that shout ?

Enter Villagers, L.

Val. The king's a-coming !
Tris. (excitedly) So he is ! *(to villagers)* Look out !
 (officially pushes them to back) Now then, you
 louts, keep back, and clear the way.
 Mind at the proper time you shout "Hooray !"

Stand backarder, you gals, and drop your chaff,
 Gals, nowadays, too forward are by half.

CONCERTED PIECE : *Air*—"The King of the Cannibal
 Islands."

Val. (looking off) Oh, here's a go !

Tris. What is it ? State !

Val. Be quick—

Oh, horrible to relate,
 The horse away has bolted straight,
 With the sovereign king of this island.

(All rush to back and look off, R.)

Tris. By George, he's making for the lake.

Mab. To see him's enough to make one quake.

Tris. If he doesn't get drowned his neck he'll break.

Val. It's all U. P., and no mistake.

Mab. Goodness gracious, there they go !

Tris. Oh, woe, woe, woe ! *(wringing his hands)*

Val. Your feelings stow,
 His horse won't stop though you cry "Wo."

Mab. Alas for the king of this island.

Tris. By Jove, by jingo, and by gum !
 To smash, I fear, will shortly come,
 The regal crown and cranium

Of the sovereign king of this island.

Chorus By Jove, &c.

Mab. (*looking off, R.*) He's saved! Young Langdale,
gallant youth, indeed!

Has seized the bridle of the furious steed—
He's on his haunches—Now there's nought to
mind.

Tris. (*excitedly*) The country's saved! The king slips
off behind.

Music. Enter KING HENRY, R., attended by WYATT, SURREY,
and other courtiers, and without his hat. Attendants place gilt
camp stool for KING. HENRY wears eye-glass, with which he
ogles the females present.

Hen. That was a narrow squeak for life, beshrew me—
(*sits down.*)

Wyatt Your Majesty stuck tight.

Hen. He all but threw me.
I clutched the saddle.

Wyatt Had you fall'n, I ween,
A sad ill for the country 'twould have been.

Hen. Wyatt, shut up—'Tis no fit theme for punning.

Wyatt My liege, 'twas but in fun—

Hen. (*peremptorily*) Then "Cease your *funning*".
I'm feeling faint—some liquor in a twink.
(*a la Richard*) "A drink, a drink! My kingdom
for a drink!"

Quick, or your heads shall pay for it.
(*Courtiers bustle.*)

Wyatt (*excitedly*) Oh, dear—
What's to be done?

Val. (*calling*) Tarts, cakes, buns, ginger beer.

Wyatt A happy thought (*rushes up to VALENTINE*)
Here, quick, my man, a bottle.

(*Seizes bottle and pays penny for it, and borrows a tumbler.*)

Val. That'll be nectar to the royal throttle.

WYATT cuts string, and cork flies out and nearly hits KING.

Hen. (*significantly*) 'Twas very near, Sir Thomas—as I've
said,

Aye often—you are bound to lose your head.

Enter ANNE BOLEYN hastily, R., followed by attendants, who place camp stool for her.

Anne (embracing Hen.) Oh, Harry darling, are you safe and sound?

Hen. I hope so ducky, for I've not yet found
That any bones are broke—but if it's handy,
Kindly oblige me with a sip of brandy.

Anne produces flask from pocket. Henry mixes contents with ginger-beer. Anne seats herself.

Hen. (to Anne) Your health, my love, (*winks at her*) and
you, my noble lords, you—(*nodding to courtiers*)
May you live till you die—I looks towards you.
(*drinks.*)

(*Smacking his lips*) Now I feel better, much.

Anne My dear, 'tis plain,
That though you're king your *steed* disputes your
rein.

Hen. (irritated) Now *she's* at it—Mrs. T., for shame.
Of such *hare*-breadth escapes, please don't make
game.

Now I'm refreshed, the *dramatis personæ*
Shall introduced be with all *ceremony.*

Each singer advances in turn and addresses his verse to the audience.

SONG : *Air*—"Simon the Cellarer."

Hen. King Harry the Eighth, p'raps, you've heard of before,
That potentate now you see.
This tight little island I've some time ruled o'er,
And Nancy, they say, rules me.
Historians heap on my head much abuse,
And swear for my doings there is no excuse;
But why can't these quill-drivers leave me alone,
If I chop my wives' heads off, why ain't they my own?
And it's ho! ho! ho! No maiden, I trow,
When Harry proposes would ever say—No!

Chorus And its ho! &c.

Anne Oh, I am the Queen and King Henry's wife
And Mrs. T. number two.
I hope to be so for my natural life,
But no one knows what may ensue

I cut out Queen Kitty and stepped in her shoes ;
 Dear Harry said, " Will you ? " I couldn't refuse.
 Though some think my conduct was open to blame,
 I'm sure any girl would have done just the same.
 For its oh ! heigh ho ! if your wanting a beau,
 You mustn't be squeamish to get him you know.

Chorus For its oh ! &c.

Sur. I'm Surrey, a nobleman gallant and gay,
 A very fair poet, I ween ;
 And many a sonnet and many a lay
 I've penned on the fair Geraldine.

Wyatt And I'm Tommy Wyatt, as you have been told,
 Who by a false wench has been jilted and sold ;
 But I'll be revenged, for with rage o'er I boil,
 If I told you my plans, tho', the piece it would spoil.
 But it's ho ! ho ! ho ! there'll be a rum go ;
 The why and the wherefore Old Time will show-

Chorus But it's ho ! &c.

Hen. But where's the gallant youth who, scorning fear,
 Restrained my furious steed—

Rich. (*stepping forward*) Your Grace, he's here.

Hen. Thou'st earned our gratitude—nay, more we say,
 We owe you much and would the debt repay,
 How can we do so then ?

Rich. My liege, I sought
 No fee for acting simply as I ought.
 And let me mention—for it's in my part—
 That I'm the virtuous peasant. I've a heart,
 And though it beats not 'neath—as is too plain,
 A satin waistcoat and an Albert chain,
 Yet each and every pulsation tells
 That loyalty is not confined to swells.
 The peasant for his King his life will fling down,—
 (*aside*) That in the provinces the house would
 bring down.

Anne (*admiringly*) I call that beootiful—

Val. (*aside*) It's like his cheek.

The *London Journal* has that every week.

Hen. The debt we'll *cancel*—nay, we do compel it.

Rich. My loyalty's worth nought if I *can* sell it,
 I'd rather not—

- Anne* Oh, loyal youth,—how pleasant
It is to find such a delightful peasant.
- Hen.* I thought, till now, they only trod the stage,
Or but existed in the golden age.
- Rich.* I may, some future day, sire, seek to gain
Your royal favour—
- Hen.* You shan't ask in vain,
Although your nose you elevate at gold.

Richard Langdale retires

Why, where's my hat?

Anne (anxiously) Oh darling, you'll take cold.

Wyatt Your charger bolted, and your hat took wing.

Tris. (aside) Both *hoss* and *tile* were *hostile* to their king.

Chuckles and calls Villagers' attention to his joke

CONCERTED PIECE: *Air*—"How does he do it?"

- Hen.* Away our hat was carried by
A gust of stormy weather.
- Wyatt* 'Tis found—a maid, Sire, did descry
It nestled 'mongst the heather.
- Hen.* Bid her advance—the wench we'd see.
- Wyatt presents Mabel.*
- Mab.* A blush my cheek's suffusing,
He's ogling me so dreadfully
It's really quite confusing.
- Hen.* Gad's life! A beauty to adore.
- Mab. (presenting hat)* Your hat, my liege, let me restore.
- Hen.* Dear me, how pretty, if she's as witty
As she is fair, she's a prize.
Lips like the cherry, nose piquant very,
And, oh, what a pair of blue eyes.
- Chorus* Dear me, &c.
- Wyatt* The king is quite entranced, methinks.
- Anne* A bold, designing creature!
- Hen.* A charming nymph!
- Anne* A saucy minx!
- Hen.* Perfect is each feature.
- Anne* The wench is much too forward, dear,
You'd better now dismiss her.
- Hen. (aside)* I only wish my wife weren't here,
By George, I'd like to kiss her.
A captivating wench, I trow.
Fair maid, to you our thanks we owe.
Isn't she pretty, &c.

Hen. Your name ?

Mab. 'Tis Mabel—

Hen. (*ogling her*) Fitting, too, we say,
Thou'rt pretty as the sweet blue bell in May ;
And hang'st like it in modesty thy head,
Tho' blushing now, thou 'rt like a rose instead.

Anne. She well may blush to hear you talk like this—
(*peremptorily*) Henry !

Hen. My love—

Anne. At once this *maid* dis-miss.

Hen. Nay, nay, sweet Anne, we'd learn more of her first.

Wyatt (*aside*) Methinks the queen with rage is fit to burst.

Hen. Thou hast another name ?

Mab. Yes, Lyndwood, sire.

Wyatt (*aside*) That *low*-bred wench has roused her jealous
ire.

Hen. A pretty name that smacks of country air.

Anne. (*indignantly*) This is *too* much—

Hen. (*to Anne*) Be quiet !

Anne (*fiercely*) Sir, beware !

Val. (*aside*) The maid has smitten him as I conjecture.

Anne This shall be subject for a curtain lecture.

Tris. (*aside*) The Queen seems in the mood, methinks,
to snap at him.

Val. (*aside*) She found his hat, and now she sets her cap
at him.

Hen. (*aside, ogling Mabel with his glass, which is con-
tinually dropping from his eye*) Upon my
life, she is, indeed, a dear.
I must reward her with—

Val. (*calling*) Cakes, buns, tarts, ginger-beer.

Hen. (*enraged at the interruption*) Who dare dictate what
we shall give, good gracious !

It's highest of high treason, it's owdacious.

Off with his head—

Val. (*rushing forward and falling upon his knees*) My
liege—

Mab. For my sake, pardon him.

Hen. (aside and tenderly) My rage she softens, so I can't be hard on him.

(to VAL.) Go, I forgive you. *(Val. retires.)*

Poets now can sing

How Henry Tudor did the generous thing.

(giving purse to MAB.) This guerdon take—

Anne Repent this, sir, you shall.

Hen. A slight acknowledgment from bluff King Hal.

Mab. Thanks, thanks, my liege—

Anne (indignantly) Why, Henry, you're an ass,

Bestowing gold on one with so much brass.

Wench, get thee gone—

(MAB. curtsseys and retires.)

Hen. Nay, stay a moment.

Anne (imperiously) What !

Pray am I mistress here or am I not ?

Hen. Oh, yes ! of course. And there, you needn't pout,

Can you your husband's constancy e'er doubt ?

Anne Yes, when I've cause—

Hen. Of all the plagues in life,

None can surpass, I vow, a jealous wife.

Anne Except, methinks, a husband prone to flirting.

Hen. (sharply) Do you allude to me ?

Anne I'm not asserting

That any husband flirts—

Hen. 'Twas me, I'd swear it,

That you referred to—

Anne If the cap fits—wear it.

Hen. (aside to Wyatt) Wyatt, dost know where dwells that comely maid ?

Wyatt No, sire—

Hen. Find out—

Wyatt Your grace shall be obeyed.

(aside) He's deeply smitten with her, that's quite plain.

She struck him, and his fancy's hit again.

Anne Harry, I'm peckish—

Hen. I could drink a puncheon.

Wyatt Permit me to suggest they've spread the luncheon.

SONG : *Air*—"Polly."

Anne The luncheon waits
 They've laid the plates
 Beneath some shady trees,
 Where sweetest notes
 From song-birds' throats
 Are borne on every breeze.

Wyatt They've drawn the corks,
 Put knives and forks,
 And rolls to every one ;
 A sight so fair
 Is worth, I swear,
 An ode from Tennyson.

Rich. There's every dish
 That you could wish
 To tempt the appetite,
 Spring chicken and ham,
 Mint sauce and lamb,
 Cold beef, a picture quite.

Sur. A lunch ! A lunch ! An out-o'-door lunch !
 With the snow-white cloth unfurled,
 Is jolly, so jolly, so awfully jolly,
 The jolliest thing in the world.

Chorus A lunch, &c.

Hen. A *fete champetre*
 I do so hate
 No comfort can be found,
 Right on you—flop
 The beetles drop
 And wopses, too, abound.

Tris. Then up you jump
 For on you—plump—
 A frog or toad has hopped ;
 If on a nest
 Of ants you rest,
 You'll wish at home you'd stopped.

Val. The earwigs crawl
 And spiders fall
 Into your plate and glass ;
 To feed like that
 I say—that's flat—
 A fella must be an ass.

Chorus A lunch, &c.

Hen. Val. & Tris. Folly ! what folly ! what desperate folly !
 The folliest thing in the world.

Dance as scene closes.

SCENE II.—*Interior of TRISTRAM LYNDWOOD'S Cottage.—Practicable door and window.—Clothes-horse, with linen hanging on it in front of fire-place.—Practicable cupboard.—Table and chairs.*

Enter VALENTINE, 2nd dress, R.

Val. (soliloquising) The public, I expect, think it's high time

I did a something in the way of crime.

I won't your patience tax more than a minute

Before I make an effort to begin it.

But first I'll quote that most effective line,

"I love her, and she must—she *shall*—be mine."

Shall she dictate to *me*, and *my* choice fetter?

I, the great *Valentine*?—I will not *let her*.

If she consents not, why, my men I summons,

And they shall *seize her*, and she'll find 'em *rum*
'uns.

(*familiarly*) I ought to mention, for your satisfaction,

That Tristram's cottage now's the scene of action.

And here he is—

Enter TRISTRAM LYNDWOOD, L.

Tris. What, eh! Good e'en, how do?

Val. (aside) One needn't have *good e'en* to see through you.

(*to TRIS.*) Well, Tristram, what says Mabel?

Tris. I regret

To say that she's most obstinate as yet.

Being her *pa*, I've not, you understand,

"An eye like *Mars*, to threaten and command."

Val. Young Langdale's after her—

Tris. He can't be, never!

At my command she gave him up for ever.

Val. (looking out of window) Oh, did she? Well, unless
 I'm getting blinder,
 I see her with the spooney close behind her.
 You'll find of that young *spark* she's still the *flame*.
(pointing to clothes horse) Let's pop behind and
 twig their little game.

*They conceal themselves behind horse and listen. Comic business
 between the two during the following dialogue.*

Enter MABEL with flower basket, R.

Richard (putting his head in at window from outside)
 Mayn't I come in?

Mab. Yes, but you musn't stop.

Enter RICHARD, R.

Val. (aside) How very nicely on 'em we shall pop.

Mab. Papa—

Rich. Is unrelenting, I'll engage ;
 The regular "stern parient" of the stage,
 The heavy Father—I know all about him,
 In fact no play would be complete without him.

Tris. (aside indignantly) Oh ! wouldn't it? Why fun he's
 making quite o' me.

*Heavy, indeed ! I'll teach him to make light
 o' me.*

Mab. My *wont* has been to do my father's *will*,
 But in this case it is a bitter pill.

Rich. We love each other—why should he controul us?

Val. (aside) A *pill*, forsooth ! Don't think that out you'll
bowl us.

Mab. This match is his one topic of discourse,
 In fact. he *nags* at me till he's quite *hoarse*.

Rich. His schemes, though, I've a notion, will be
 checked.

Val. (aside) Then that's *an ocean* on which you'll be
wrecked.

Rich. It's simply cruel, wishing you to wed
 A scamp like Hagthorne—

*Val. (excitedly, and struggling with TRISTRAM, who holds
 him back)* Let me punch his head.

Rich. I'd tell him so—

In the struggle behind it the clothes horse collapses, and shew
TRISTRAM and VALENTINE. *MABEL screams, and rushes into*
RICHARD'S arms.

Val. *(coming forward)* You would ! You'd better not !

Rich. Ha, we're observed—

Mab. *(in distress)* Oh, dear !

Tris. *(angrily, to MABEL)* You wicked lot !
 Unfilial child ! But I'll stop your fun.

Rich. Ah, you've been listening—

Tris. *(peremptorily, to RICH.)* Loose her !

Mab. *(disengaging herself)* We're undone.

Tris. With thoughts of marriage don't yourselves delude,
 You precious pair—

Rich. That *appellation's* rude.

(to VAL.) And as for you, you effervescing pedlar—

Val. *(defiantly)* Take care, my pippin—

Rich. *Pippin !* You're a *meddler !*

Val. Your impudence, young man, I shall not suffer.

Rich. Sir, most deliberately I call you—duffer !

Val. Depend upon't for this I'll make you smart, man.

Rich. *(contemptuously)* You ! You're a tup'ny ha'pny
 tantaddlin tart man !

Your conduct's low. How dare you thus alarm
 her ? *(pointing to MABEL.)*

Val. *(in a rage)* Me, low indeed !

Tris. *(reproachfully)* Is this a *me low* drama ?

Rich. List'ners, 'tis said,—but there, you know the rest.

Val. Insulting cad !

Rich. Come on, and see who's best.

Val. Rash dog, take that then—*(throwing his hat at*
. RICH., who catches it and throws it out of
window.)

Tris. Lawk a mussy, oh !

Aint this a pretty breeze—

Rich. Ha, ha ! a blow !

QUARTETT : *Air*—"Jockey to the Fair."

Rich. Come on—
Mab. Restrain your anger, pray.
Tris. Oh, where's a bobby to stop the fray?
Mab. When wanted they are far away.
 Oh, what a bloodthirsty pair.
Val. The girl, as you know, has been pledged to me.
Rich. She'd never wed you if her choice were free.
Mab. Oh, blood'll be spilt I plainly see.
Tris. Oh jimminy, goodness gracious me!
Val. Come on, you young shrimp, if you dare,
 For she shall wed me.
Rich. That never shall be,
 Till my cold corpse lies there. *(pointing down.)*

*They put themselves into fighting attitude, when door opens, and
 Enter KING HENRY and SIR THOMAS WYATT disguised, L.*

Wyatt (looking round and hesitating) Beg pardon, I'm
 afraid that we're *de trop*.

Hen. Oh, don't mind us, please—Pray proceed, you
 know.

Wyatt We've lost our way, we thought you'd let us rest—

Hen: And p'raps a glass of ale, I might suggest.

(Tristram hesitates.)

(taking out purse) I'll pay for it, of course, like
 any trader.

Tris. (aside) His purse weighs heavy.

Hen. (aside, giving coin) That's a sure *persuader*.

Tris. (aside, taking coin) Five bob, by jingo. *(to Wyatt),*
 Why he comes out grand—

Wyatt He
 Always has you see a *crown* just handy.

*Tristram and Mabel bustle about and place jugs and glasses on table,
 Henry seats himself, and helps himself to beer, as Wyatt brings
 Valentine to footlights.*

Wyatt (aside to Val.) There sits the King, he's come
 here in disguise,
 Lured by that damsel's pair of sparkling eyes.
 Summon the band at once—

Val. (going) I'll not delay,
I'll trap two birds at once—

Wyatt (melodramatically) Away ! Away !

[Exit Valentine, R.]

Mab. (aside, at footlights) Why it's the king—Just won't
I have some fun with him ;
I'll rouse him, or it's odd, before I've done with
him.

She gazes earnestly at Henry.

Hen. Why, how you stare, sweet maid—

Mab. (pretending confusion) I had a reason—

Hen. Disclose it, pray—

Mab. It may p'raps, though, be treason.
Fact was—I thought whilst gazing on your face
'Twas like the king's—

Hen. I've heard that that's the case.

Mab. But no, it isn't, when I look again,
Though far from handsome, you're not quite so
plain
As he is—

Wyatt (aside) 'Gad that slight he won't like brooking.

Hen. (to MABEL sharply) Plain, miss ! I think he's deucedly
good-looking.

Wyatt (to MABEL) Recal your words and say you spoke
in haste.

Mab. (laughing) The King good-looking ! Gracious,
where's your taste ?

Hen. (passionately) Ha, trait'rous minx—how darest—

Mab. (innocently) What have I said ?

Hen. (loudly) Enough—Away with her ! Off with her
head !

So much for—(*Wyatt nudges him and he
recollects himself.*)

Tris. (astonished) Hey-day !

Hen. (confused) I forgot—

Tris. (reprovingly) We are not doing Shakespeare.

Hen. (to MABEL) Right, we're not.

But plain or handsome, I feel sure that he

Would long once more a bachelor to be,
If he beheld you—

Mab. (horrified) Heaven forefend !

Hen. Gad's life !

Refuse a Monarch !

Mab. I'd not be his wife.

He's too susceptible—he casts his eye
On every pretty girl upon the sly.

Hen. (enraged) 'Tis false ! “ My sōul's in arms ”—

Tris. (to WYATT) Upon my word !

He thinks he's Richard—Richard, you know,
the Third ;

Really his manners ain't polite—now be 'um ?

(to HEN.) Excuse me, Sir, this *is* not the Lyceum.

Mab. And then his love is very apt to cool,

So Father says—

Hen. (angrily) Pooh ! stuff ! your pa's a fool !

Tris. Is he ? That insult you'd have soon repented,
Were Mrs. L. but here—the late lamented—
Had you the king himself been or a clown,
Depend upon it, she'd have knocked you down.
(wipes his eyes) Excuse me, with sad tears my
eyes are dimmed,
At thought of how your jacket she'd have trimmed.

Wyatt You're bold, from your account, it's very plain
The King's a perfect *weathercock*—

Mab. He's *vain*,

Without occasion, too.

Hen. (angrily striking table.) A heap of lies !

Tris. (to WYATT.) How often into tantrums this gent flies.

Hen. 'Tis false, I swear—of falsehoods all a pack.

Mab. Why, take you the King's quarrels on *your* back ?
It's nought to *you*—

Wyatt (aside to HENRY.) My liege, keep cool and quiet.

Tris. He *will* let that red rag of his run riot.

Hen. I can't hear folks his Majesty abuse.

Tris. Your temper you're uncommon apt to lose.

Hen. Forgive my haste. (to WYATT) But come friend,
what say you?

Is not the King in love most staunch and true?
True as the needle to the pole, admit?

Wyatt He's constancy itself (*aside*)—while lasts the fit.

Tris. We'll change the subject—P'raps you'd kindly
mention

Your names, Gents—

Hen. Oh yes (*aside*) Aid me, pray, invention—

Mine—let me see—(*hesitates*)

Tris. Why of it make such bones?

Hen. Is Brown—

Mab. (satirically) Uncommon name! And yours (to
WYATT)

Wyatt Is Jones.

QUARTETT : *Air*—"My Friend the Majar."

Hen. I'm a swell seeing life,
So I travel *incog.*
The prince of good fellows,
A gay jolly dog.
I've Rochester, Buckingham,
Beau Nash outdone,
I'm Chesterfield, D'Orsay,
Beau Brummel in one.

(*Spoken*) Ya'as, there's no mistake about me. I'm about the
completest thing in swells out. In fact

I'm such a fellah, such a fine fellah,
Such a great swell-ah, pet of Pell Mell-ah.
The girls all assevah, they'll part with me nevah,
They'll swear by for evah, this fellah.

(*Each character walks affectedly during chorus.*)

Wyatt I'm of swells the æsthetic,
I worship the Nine,
Art, Science, and Culture,
In *me* intertwine.

Mab. It's all very well,
Though you think you're immense,
You swells lack just *one* thing.

Hen and Wyatt.

Mab.

What's that?

Common sense.

(Spoken) And that's what men are made of, you know, if swells are not. Still, I'll admit that (*walking and imitating him*)
You're such a fellah, &c.

Tris. You may call yourselves swells
When no beadle is near,
But you're, by the side of him,
Very small beer.
Where's your scarlet-plush breeches,
Your snow-white cravat,
Your silver-knobbed stick,
And your nobby cocked-hat?

(Spoken) Ya'as, after all, you can't beat a beadle for gorgeousness.
What would the Burlington Arcade be without him—a
perfect desert. For (*walking affectedly*)

I'm such a fellah, &c.

(last line) They'll swear by for evah
The beadle.

At conclusion of song Anne Boleyn appears at window.

Anne (*aside*) Oh, there he is—it's just what I expected,
I wonder how he'll look when he's detected.

Enter Anne Boleyn at door unobserved.

Hen. We must be going on—Time's on the wing.

Anne (*aside*) Nice goings on, indeed, and for a king!

Hen. Adieu, sweet nymph—(*drawing her to him*)—come,
just one fond embrace. (*She resists*)

Anne (*aside, indignantly*) Under my nose, before my
very face.

Hen. Those lips I can't resist—just one—

Mab. (*struggling*) I won't.

Hen. Oh, yes, I must—(*Anne comes forward and
seizing him by the ear pulls him away.*)

Anne (*decisively*) No, Mr. T., you don't!

She swings him round—HENRY staggers back in amazement.

(*indignantly*) Perfidious monster, this is where you roam,
Whilst your poor wife is left to slave at home.

Hen. (*meekly*) My dear, don't let us quarrel—

Anne (*fiercely*) Who began it?

My stars, how cunningly you thought to plan

This was your pressing business in town:

Hen. (dejectedly) You needn't kick a fella when he's down.

Anne But, Mr. T., you've gone at last too far,
You may look *sheepish*, I will be a *bar*
To your proceedings, you domestic sham.

Wyatt (aside.) A *baa*! she doesn't "stand it like a *lamb*."

Anne You have to overflowing filled the cup.

Tris. (aside) She saw him *spooning*, and it *stirred her up*.

Anne (passionately) Who made you comfortable if
'twasn't me?

Who warmed your slippers and poured out your
tea?

Who darned your stockings, aye, and hashed
your mutton?

Who took care that your shirts ne'er lacked a
button?

Hen. (penitently) You did, my dear, my heart, indeed, you
touch.

Anne Button, forsooth! I *studded* you too much.
(*contemptuously*) You *are* a pretty sample of a
king.

Hen. If I've a *thrown*, I've let you have your *fling*.

Mab. (aside) 'Twill be some time ere he's again a rover.

Wyatt (aside) He don't seem *over bold*—

Tris. He's clean *bowled over*.

Hen. I think we'll go, please. (*aside*) Oh, just won't she
scold?

(*sorrowfully to MABEL.*) Adieu!

(*Kisses his hand to her behind Queen's back.*)

Anne (turning sharply round and seeing him) How dare
you! Come this instant—(*They move towards
door.*)

Enter VALENTINE, suddenly, first dress, R.

Val.

Hold!

Chord—General start—Anne and Mabel scream.

Val. You're in my power—

Hen. Ha!

Val. King Henry, learn—

I'm—

Hen. Who, which, what—

Val. The mighty hunter, Herne!

(*Chord in orchestra.*)

So yield, I say!

Hen. (*drawing sword*) Never, knave, whilst I've breath.
King Henry knows no conqueror but death.

Anne Except your wife, please, if you've no objection.

Hen. To *every* rule, of course, there's *some* exception.

Tris. (*shouting*) Help! Murder! Help!

Val. Ah, you resist—why, then
I'll summon to my aid my merry men.

He blows whistle, and band come trooping in. Fight to hurried music. HENRY is overpowered.

Val. Now to the cave in quick time we'll be bowling,
But first a song to keep the ball a-rolling.

CONCERTED PIECE : *Air*—"The Mulligan Guards."

Mab. Oh, what a dreadful state of things, whatever shall we do?

Anne (*to HEN.*) You good-for-nothing wretch, this is entirely through you.

Hen. If only we get out of this a warning it shall be.

Tris. (*to VAL.*) Beware,—to touch a beadle is, at least, flat burglary.

Val. To liberty we'll quickly march away,
Near at hand's Emancipation Day.
My soul's in arms and eager for the fray.
Hurrah for Herne the Hunter and his band.

Chorus To liberty, &c.

SCENE III.—*Interior of the Cavern beneath Herne's Oak. Members of the band lying about asleep. Appropriate music, with snoring accompaniment. MADGE discovered at the washing tub. Mangle at back. Chairs and table.*

Madge My lot's a hard one, and it is no other.
 I'd like to know who'd be a bandit's mother.
 (*pointing to sleepers*) There's a nice lot, now, for
 a small tea-party.
 They won't work, bless you, though they're
 strong and hearty.
 Why, even now their watch they should be keeping,
 Yet every mother's son of 'em is sleeping.
 Doing their dooty them you never cotches,
 I've known them keep, though, *other* people's
 watches.
 And 'tis for such as these I toil and scrub,
 And get up all their linen—"there's the rub."
(*rubbing vigorously.*)
 I'm at it—that I am—from morn till gloam,
 For every bit of washin's done at home.
 I seem to be perpetually scrubbing,
 The *ocean's wash* would *pale* before my *tubbing*.

Enter MORGAN FENWOLF, MARK FYTTON, and other Members of the Band bringing in HENRY and ANNE BOLEYN, R.

Morg. (*to MADGE*) Here's sport to-night, dame—

Madge (*sharply*) And not much to prate on,
 Another idle pair to wash and wait on.

Mark You always snub us supers—don't be bilious.

Madge *Supers* are *sillies*—

Morg. You're so *supercilious*.

Anne (reproachfully to HENRY) Through you, a pretty mess
we're in I ween.

Mar. (knocking HENRY's hat off) Uncover in the presence
of our Queen. (*pointing to MADGE*)

Hen. (furiously) How dare you?

Mark I don't know, but still we do.

Hen. Ha! Off with both their heads!

Morg. That's *chops* for two.

But you won't get 'em, though you're such a wax in.

Mark Heads aint chopped off down here just for the
axin'.

Madge (to HEN.) You mind your p's and q's—If you
unruly are,

You'll soon be dealt with in a way *peculiar.*

Exeunt members of Band, L.

Anne (to HEN.) 'Twill be through you, if we're both killed
together.

Hen. Don't when I'm *down*, please, strike me with a
“*feather.*”

Anne As I think o'er my wrongs my bosom glows.

Hen. And now you try to “stab me with your *woes.*”

Madge I'd better part you two, before you wrangle.
Here, Henry Rex, you come and turn the mangle.

*She leads Henry to mangle at back, and sets him turning it.
Robbers sit and drink at table, and others lie down at back.
Madge busies herself in wringing clothes out.*

Enter SIR THOMAS WYATT, R.

Hen. (stopping work and regarding Wyatt) False, perjured
traitor!

Madge (sharply) Don't you stop to talk.
Get on—(*Henry resumes turning*)—(*aside*) My
gent, I'll take you down a chalk.

Wyatt (to Anne) I'm here to save you—Calm your fears,
sweet Anne—

Hen. (in an agony) He's courting her—

Anne Begone, you horrid man!

Wyatt Angelic creature, pray at me don't fly at,
Smile on your faithful Thomas—

Anne Thomas, *Why at,*
This time unseas'nable, do you provoke
My anger?

Hen. In a minute I shall choke!

Wyatt (passionately) My passion's like a flood; I cannot
stem it.

Henry stops turning in order to listen, Madge motions him to go on.

Hen. (angrily) I am not Mr. Mantilini, "demmit."

Wyatt I'm here, and at all hazards, for your sake,
You're such a duck—

Anne Away you horrid rake!
You, who have treated all of us so badly.

Wyatt Know that I doat upon you still—aye, madly!

Hen. (stopping) What's that, I hear?

Madge (sharply to Hen.) Here just you stick to work—
Why, bless me, what a man you are to shirk.

(Picks up linen and exits, L.)

Wyatt Say you'll be mine, and oped those doors shall
be.

Hen. What'll she say? Oh, this is agony!

Anne (vehemently) Never! I hate you, and I ever shall!

Hen. (joyously) Hurrah! Hurrah! Her heart's still true
to Hal.

(Turns mangle vigorously.)

TRIO: *Air*—"O where is my Dolly gone?"

Wyatt Oh say you'll fly with me
To fair and sunny France.

Anne No, no, Sir T., don't think with thee
I'll go on such a dance.

Wyatt In a cottage near a wood
We'd dwell so happily.

Hen. (coming down) Sweet Anne, I knew your heart was true,
To your dear Hen-e-ree.

No, no, Sir Thomas Wyatt,
Wyatt,
Wyatt,

Winning her don't you try at;
You're out of it, that's quite clear.

- Anne** Don't think for such as you
I'd break my marriage vow ;
Your love I dropped when Henry popped,
I shan't renew it now.
- Wyatt** I've lost the game, I see,
Away, my love you fling.
- Hen.** D'ye think she wants the knave, my boy,
When she has got the king.
- Anne** Remember I'm Mrs. Tudor,
Tudor,
Tudor.
- Wyatt** You turned out a fond deluder,
And Tommy's left all forlorn.

Dance and exeunt, L.

Music. *Enter VALENTINE, first dress, carrying MABEL, whom he deposits on a chair, R.*

Mab. Where am I ?

Val. In my power.

Mab. And what would'st do ?

Val. Nothing partic'kler except marry you.

Mab. Me ?

Val. Yes, you who scorned, refused me, and made
fun o' me,
Swore when I pressed my suit that you'd have
none o' me.

It's my turn now—

Mab. What mean you ? Speak ! Explain !

Val. Look out ! Hey, presto ! *(suddenly throws off disguise, antlered helmet, moustache, &c., and appears in 2nd dress)* Here we are again !

(a la Clown.)

You called me once a country clown, I ween.

Mab. *(gazing at him astonished)* And havn't I a
transformation seen !

Val. Oh, be my bride, give me your heart and hand,
And you shall be the queen of Herne's famed
band.

Mab. Were I your queen, permit me please to state,
You'd find for you I had a potent hate.

Val. Enough ! (*aside*) Another tack shall now be tried.
(*to Mab.*) You *must* ! You *shall* be Herne the
Hunter's bride.

Mab. Never !—Dick Langdale I alone will wed.

Val. I rather think you won't—

Mab. And why ?

Val. He's dead !

Mab. Dead ?

Val. As a door-nail—Like cock-robin's fly,
I being present saw the beggar die.
Fact was, my first lieutenant had a bout with him ;
He first fell *in*, and afterwards fell *out* with him.
They fought like—aye, like two Kilkenny cats
For two long hours—'twas I who held their hats.
Ere he the bucket kicked, he begged that I
Would marry you—he did—and that's—

RICHARD LANGDALE *rushes in, R., knocks VALENTINE down, and catches MABEL in his arms, à la William and Black-eyed Susan.*

Rich. A lie !

Mab. Oh, Richard !—(*embracing him.*)

Val. (*getting up*) Now, of course, we ought to fight.

Rich. Just so,—let's have a song first, though—

Val. All right.

Rich. (*aside*) That was a happy thought with cunning
in it,

I've got assistance coming in a minute,
And what I want, if I can so contrive,
Is time to give the party to arrive.

TRIO : *Air*—"Just look at that."—(*Les Cloches des Corneville*).

Val. For this insult you shall pay, sir.

Rich. So you said the other day, sir,
But you don't dare.

Mab. Alas, to help him, he has plenty,
And you would have to fight 'gainst twenty ;
Great odds, as you're aware.

Val. (conceitedly) Just look at him, just look at me,
 Surely there no choice can be.
 A glance give there, a glance give here,
 Hyperion to a satyr, dear.
Mab. and Rich. To look at him's enough for me,
 What a dreadful choice 'twould be.
 A glance, &c.

Enter MADGE, L.

Madge Excuse my trespassing on your attention,
 But p'raps I'd better not delay to mention—

Val. (impatiently) Well, well, be quick—get on—

Madge Dear, how you flurry me,
 You know that I've got quite enough to worry
 me.

What I was going to mention was—

Val. Confound it!

Do pray, look sharp—

Enter SURREY, R., leading on soldiers, courtiers, &c.

Sur. Fact is, the cave's surrounded.

Madge Thank you—that's just what I was going to say.

Val. But where are all my merry men to-day?
(calling) What ho, my lads,—Now to display your
 pluck,
 'Tis time to strike a blow—

Enter MORGAN FENWOLF, MARK FYTTON, and remainder of band.

Morg. (coolly) Fact is, we've *struck*
 Already, cap'en—

Mark Plotting's a bad trade.

Val. You milk and water duffers, you're afraid.

Morg. No longer we of laws will be the breakers,
 We've the *peace party* joined—

Val. I see you're *quakers*.
 With fear you're trembling—

Morg. We shall all adhere

“To peace at any price”—

Val. That's a *Bright* idea.

To spoil the piece this must be some vile plot.

Enter TRISTRAM, R.

Tris. They've *rounded* on you, 'cos we've *squared* the lot.
Behind the scenes whilst you were calmly singing,
We to a climax everything were bringing.

Val. I see it all—that song was my undoin',
The love of harmony has been my ruin.

Tris. I led the van—When to the cave you brought me,
No doubt, indeed, uncommon safe you thought me.
But beadles ain't so easily undone,
When you weren't lookin' I just cut and run,
The milingtary roused and brought 'em hither,
Whither we've come in spite of wind and *wither*.

Val. It's kind of you the whole thing to explain,
But having *cut* why did you *come* again.

Enter SIR THOMAS WYATT, L.

Ah, here's Sir Thomas come to my assistance.
Look here, let's make a desperate resistance,
'Twould be so plucky 'gainst such glorious odds,
And think, too, how it would delight the gods.

Wyatt Thanks, I'm a lady's man, a *carpet* knight,
Though you may *carp* at it, I *never* fight.

Enter HENRY and ANNE BOLEYN, L.

Tris. Three cheers for Henry Rex, long may he reign.

(*Cheers given.*)

Hen. (*taking off his hat and bowing*) Thanks, thanks, my
friends.—Henry's himself again—

Mai's iron will all treason soon will floor.

Mab. *Halcyon* days, I hope then, are in store.

Anne Mind in the future, sir, what you're about,
Don't try Anne Boleyn to be *bowlin'* out.

Val. Oh, gracious monarch, on my knees I sue,
Lend me your ear—

Hen. I'll *give an eye* to you.

Wyatt (*affectedly*) Great king, no greater, I'm sure, ever reigned,

"The quality of mercy is not strained,
It droppeth as—"

Hen. Why, bless my royal eyes.
He's spouting Shakespeare—(*majestically*) Silence or you dies.

Rich. Your Majesty, I fain would claim the boon
You promised—

Hen. Name it—

Rich. That I will, right soon.
(*taking MABEL'S hand*) Issue a royal command
that I do wed

This damsel, Mabel Lyndwood—

Anne Ah, well said !
(*aside*) 'Twill stop the king's flirtations. (*to TRIS.*)
Join their hands,

And let who dare, I say, forbid the banns.

Mab. Of this, I fear, I'm sure to be convicted,
I've been to loving *Richard* much addickted.

Tris. I'll bless 'em, ere away my feelings carry me.

Hen. (*about to take MABEL'S hand*) Let me—

Anne (*peremptorily, and taking HENRY away*) No, Henry.

Hen. There, my dear, don't *harry* me.

TRISTRAM joins their hands in usual style.

Wyatt Hist'ry, I fear, has got in a queer tangle,
Froude never says a word about the mangle.

Hen. We don't want that to recollection brought,
That *mangling* is a *lacerating* thought.

Val. I may be bad, but when all's said and done,
I don't think I'm the *only* guilty one,
For some, methinks, the thought away will carry,
That *Henry's* played with history Old *Harry*.

Hen. Well, p'raps I have, but who can say they know
What *didn't* happen years and years ago.

Mab. (*to audience*) We'll tell the truth—we'd but this
end in view,

Your hearts to win, your kindly smiles to woo.

The rosy hours to gild, the moments brighten,
And with some harmless fun your cares to lighten.

Hen. Although with Anne I have my peace made, none
But you can make *this* piece a lasting one,
For though I am restored to throne and crown,
'Twill be no satisfaction if *you* frown.

Val. Your approbation joy to all imparts,
You can bright sunshine shed o'er all our hearts.

Hen. A halo, then, of happiness pray fling

Val. O'er Herne the Hunter—

Hen. Aye, and Hal the king.

CHORUS (FINALE): "Let the air." (H.M.S. Pinafore).

Safely now their courtship's over;
Joy we'll wish the happy pair.
May they ever live in clover
And Fate's choicest blessings share.

CURTAIN.



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